

Are You Fucking With Me?

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Are You Fucking With Me?

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Summary

George, using a fake name, makes a new "friend" named Clay at the bar, and goes home with him.

They promise each other no feelings, because they are both hung up on someone else.

How long until they figure it out?

(AKA George and Dream are INCREDIBLY oblivious and also *needy*.)

Notes

Just to be clear:

George:

- Has not done a face reveal
- Has not revealed his full name
- Has said he lives "somewhere in the UK"

Dream:

- Has not revealed his name at all
- Has not revealed his state
- Has revealed his time zone

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George was nursing a beer at the bar. It was cliché as hell, but he didn't know what else to do. It wasn't even helping. American beer was absolutely disgusting, and it was just another reminder that he hated it there. He wished he was in England again. He wished he was home.

That wasn't an option, however, because he had been an idiot and gone in for a Master's program in computer science. American schools were top tier for compsci, even if he had picked a shit one without realizing. Theoretically, he could have dropped out, run back to his mum, and stayed in his room forever, but he wasn't actually going to do that. He was going to drink his beer (since he had paid for the fucking thing), mope, then go home to his apartment, where he would stay in his room forever, but in a room he paid for at least.

On a whim, he had gone to a gay bar, deciding that if he was going to be in a new place, he might as well try new things. He wasn't 100% gay, but he wasn't straight either, and there were a lot of attractive men roaming about, even if George would never have the confidence to talk to them.

Thankfully, one of them took pity on him. A tall, lanky man with a mop of dirty blond hair and big, golden eyes. "Hey there, cutie. Why are you sitting all alone?"

George had to choke back a laugh. This strange man was speaking in a British accent, and badly. It sounded like several different regions molded together and haphazardly wrapped around an American tongue, but he decided to play along. George wasn't exactly famous, but there was a chance someone might recognize his voice from streaming, and he didn't want anyone to know that he had moved to the country (or that he had been too cowardly to admit it to his American best friends).

"Hello. I'm sitting alone, because you haven't sat with me yet," George replied in an American accent, giving a coy smile. Thank God he *did* have American friends. His accent was pretty convincing, or at least he thought so.

The blond held out a hand. "My name is Clay."

"What, like the soil?"

"Oh, yeah, never heard that before," Clay said, rolling his eyes.

"Sorry, sorry, you're right. My name is..." George paused. He used his real name for YouTube and Twitch, and this wasn't something he wanted getting back to his fans. He decided to give his

middle name instead. “Henry.”

“Oh, like the king who killed all his wives?” Clay teased.

“Alright, I get it! It was a stupid thing to say.”

“You’re lucky that you’re so cute.”

“Am I?” George asked, leaning in close.

“Are you asking if you’re lucky or cute?”

Somehow the anonymity made George bold. Henry could be anyone, and that meant he could do anything. He leaned in close, batting his eyelashes. “I know I’m cute, hon, but you’re the one who decides if I’m getting lucky.”

A grin broke across Clay’s face. “You’re definitely getting lucky.”

George got home a few hours later, feeling a lot more relaxed. His apartment was startlingly empty, especially after the romp he had just had, but he was getting pretty used to loneliness.

The sex had been surprisingly good for a one night stand. Despite having just met, there was a lot of chemistry between them. George couldn’t but feel like he had known Clay for years, and that made it work well. Somehow, they read each other and did things the other wouldn’t expect, but thoroughly enjoyed. George had even given Clay his phone number, hoping they would be able to do it again.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket to find two notifications, a text from Clay and a discord message from Dream.

Clay: Hey, I had a lot of fun! Thanks for giving me your number. ;)

Dream: Hey, I got done earlier than I expected. I know you said you would be busy tonight, but do you want to play Minecraft for a bit?

George sighed. He would do almost anything for Dream. Thankfully, the time zone issue had gotten better since he crossed the ocean. It was 5 am back home, which was way too late to play. He sent a quick affirmative to Dream, and hopped on the server.

At the last minute, he decided to actually reply to Clay. *No problem. I had fun too. Maybe we should do it again sometime?*

The moment he signed in to the server, Dream greeted him with an excited, “GEORGE!!”

“Hey, Dream. How was your night?”

“Um... It was... interesting, that’s for sure...” Dream sounded a little flustered for some reason.

“Mine too, actually...” Was George going to tell Dream about Clay? He probably wouldn’t use the real name, but it might be good to share in the joy with his best friend.

"I, uh, I sort of got laid?" Dream said, hesitantly.

Oh. A cold rush of ice scraped through his veins, freezing his blood just under his skin. Sometimes he forgot how deep his feelings ran for Dream, even though George didn't know what he looked like. "Yeah? Me too, actually..." At least he had had sex too. It probably would have been worse to hear of if he hadn't gotten off as well.

There was a strange pause, before Dream finally swallowed and managed, "Yeah?"

"Yeah..."

"Nice! I'm... I'm so happy for you! You finally lost your virginity!" Dream teased. He spoke quickly, as if shoving the taunt out of him, maybe to cover for his inability to speak at first.

"Haha, very funny. I've probably had more sex than *you*. I've got three years on you! Plenty of time to rack up some numbers."

"Yeah, sure, whatever. I bet I'd win that. You haven't seen me, but I'm hot as fuck."

George held back a sigh. He was absolutely sure that Dream was hot as fuck, but he had no way to test that. "Well, you haven't seen me either. I could be an adonis!"

"Send me a picture then! Let's end the debate once and for all!"

George's cheeks flushed immediately. The thought of Dream seeing him, staring at him, having opinions about his body, was not something he could deal with. George was very comfortable being anonymous, so at least he would *know* that what he wanted was impossible. "Shut up, Dream. If I didn't know better, I would think you are trying to get me to fuck you."

"I- I- George, you- Oh my fucking- Of all the- You're being *absolutely* -" Dream sputtered.

"You're the one over here trying to get me to send you nudes!" George wished he had the courage to send them, or *anything*.

"I never said *nude*!"

"But you were definitely thinking about it."

Dream sighed, exasperated. "Why did I even ask you to play tonight, you're intolerable."

"Should I go then...?"

"No!" Dream said, a little too quickly, "No, don't go. I'm only kidding."

"I know," George laughed, "I just like messing with you."

"Oh my GOD, George."

They fell into their easy routine after that, playing and joking, with a healthy dose of platonic flirting. It felt good and right, even if it was painful. It wasn't enough. George wanted *more* from Dream, but he could never ask.

Eventually, they did have to sign off for the night as exhaustion tugged them both away. There was something between them, something that needed to be said, but they were cowards, and it was far too late anyway. They just signed off, wistfully. George stared at the empty screen, feeling the words pushing against his tongue uselessly. He spun away from the monitor with a sigh.

George checked his phone once more before bed, only to find another text from Clay.

Clay: Hey... I really want to keep doing this with you but I have to be honest... I'm still hung up on someone else. I can't be catching feelings, so if we do this, it's sex only.

The moment Clay mentioned there being another person, George's thoughts drifted over to the secret subject of his affection. Clay seemed like a sweet guy and all, but all of his love was for Dream and Dream alone. It kind of worked out perfectly that Clay was pining over someone else.

George: Don't worry. I'm sort of hung up on someone else too. No feelings.

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George was lonely. He hadn't seen Clay since the first time a week prior, but he couldn't stop thinking about him. There was no attachment there, but there was a lot of physical need that kept threatening to overwhelm him. Breaking the seal had made it hard to keep denying how much he needed human contact. He kept getting distracted by the thought of fingers down his torso and lips on his skin. He would need to give into Clay again. It wasn't a bad thing, but he didn't want to be too demanding, especially for something without love.

He texted Clay.

Thankfully, they were in the exact same boat. Both of them, adrift in an ocean of useless longing. At least they managed to find each other, even if it wasn't exactly what they wanted. It didn't completely fill the void, but it covered it well.

George had topped the first time, which he did as a rule, but this time, he wanted Clay inside him. He wanted to pretend that Dream was fucking him into the bed. He would bottom for Dream every time if the man would just *take* him and stop teasing.

He shook his head, trying to clear it all away, as he walked into Clay's house.

Clay greeted him at the door with a bittersweet smile. "Hey there."

"Hey..."

"Are you sure you're okay with this? I know it can be difficult to promise no emotions..."

"No emotions is perfect. I need this just as much as you seem to." George grabbed Clay by his belt loops, pulling him in for a kiss.

Clay couldn't deny that, so he kissed back, pulling layers of clothes off as they meandered towards the bedroom. His warm hands caressed George encouragingly, and suddenly, everything else was gone. The only problem he had was between his legs, and Clay would help him take care of it.

"Do you have a rubber? I forgot to bring one." George's accent was perfect, but the moment the word crossed his lips, he realized his mistake. He had to physically stop himself from gasping, from giving it away. Shit.

Clay pulled away from George's neck, where he had been working on a sizable hickey. "A what? Aren't you American?" Clay looked genuinely puzzled, suspicion crawling across his face.

“Yeah, but you’re a Brit, right? I thought I would use the term for you!” George corrected quickly.

For a moment, Clay looked like had forgotten that he was British (which only reinforced the idea that it was a fake accent). “Oh. Right. Of course. Thank you...”

“Sorry, you want me to just say ‘condom?’”

“Uh, whatever works best, I suppose.”

George pulled Clay back into the kiss by his hips, pressing down on the divots possessively.

“Come here and fuck me, Clay.”

That seemed to erase the concern right away. Clay did have condoms hidden in a drawer, and George got his wish.

George expected to be uncomfortable, since he knew that Clay was thinking of another man, but it honestly didn’t bother him at all. It also helped that Clay was pounding into George’s body with a delicious intensity, burying needy frustrations and pure wanting. Whoever Clay was hung up on must have been quite a guy.

He, in turn, let the man between his legs become Dream, imagining all the ways he would show love if he could. It provided him little comfort, but it was better than none.

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Dream and George fell into a strange kind of flirtation sometimes, getting so close to actual phone sex that it made others uncomfortable enough to leave. It was all jokes, of course (well, not for George), but sometimes they got a little wild. The night before had gone a little too far, and George eventually had to cut them off, before he started moaning directly into Dream’s ear. He was already going to have to take care of some personal business, since it was far too late to contact Clay.

He wondered what Dream was doing after the call ended. Did Dream just laugh and go back to whatever thing he had been doing before? Or did he cry out his need to an empty room with a desperate grip on himself, rutting against his own hand and imagining the hand was George? No matter how much George wanted it to be the second option, he was sure it was the first.

The next morning, he called Dream, just to check in, maybe hang out. After a concerning number of rings, Dream finally picked up. “Hey George...”

“Hey Dream! What’s going on? You wanna play?” George asked, completely oblivious to Dream’s tone.

“I would, but I woke up with a... problem that I have to deal with.”

“A problem? Can I do anything to help?”

Dream made a kind of strangled sound that George really didn’t understand. “No! No, I’m okay! I just need to do something. Can we maybe talk later?”

George’s phone buzzed in his hand. “Yeah, sure, Dream. Whatever you need... Hope you feel

better?”

“Thanks, George...” Dream hung up.

George thought it was incredibly weird, but he checked his phone.

Clay: I woke up hard as fuck this morning. Please help?

George: Yeah, sure. My schedule just got cleared.

He threw on some slightly better clothes and headed for the door, thoughts stuck on Dream. What kind of problem had he woken up with? Dream wasn't usually so cryptic about the issues he was dealing with, and George couldn't venture a guess. He hoped Dream was alright...

At the last minute, he sent a message.

George: Hey Dream. Hope everything is okay and that you feel better soon. :]

Clay pulled up his pants, buttoning them around his waist. “Can you hand me my shirt, Henry?”

George ignored the handsome man redressing for a moment, before suddenly realizing that was the name he had given him. “Right, yeah. Of course.”

George was already dressed, but he lingered to watch Clay. He couldn't allow himself to have feelings, and he knew that, but there was nothing wrong with appreciating a work of art. At least Clay was cute. The man he buried his feelings into, or that he let bury feelings into him, was a lovely distraction from the man who ruined his working days.

After a moment, Clay looked up. “You're staring?”

George shrugged. “You're nice to look at.”

“Oh... Thanks...”

“Sorry, is that not allowed?”

“No, no, it's not that. Genuinely, thank you. I just... I didn't expect it, is all.” Clay paused for a moment, then added, “You're really pretty, Henry.”

George grinned. “Thank you, Clay.” He figured that earned the man a kiss, so he gave him one, a seal of approval and a goodbye in one.

Clay blushed at the kiss, as if they had never done it before, and gave one in return, before meandering over to his phone. He began typing furiously, before presumably sending whatever message and setting his phone down again.

Suddenly, George got a text from Dream.

Dream: Hey, I'm feeling much better. Problem solved. Told you there was no need to worry. You want to hang now?

George: Yeah, definitely! I actually went to do something though, so I won't be home for a little bit. I'll let you know when I get on.

Clay's phone buzzed as George went for the door, but he didn't really pay attention to it.

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The blocky trees flit past as George ran, and he could barely take in the yellow leaves as he weaved and ducked through them. He was going as fast as he could, so fast that all features blurred into smudges of color, yellows, browns, and tiny bursts of blue, but Dream had always been better at parkour, and he was catching up.

"C'mere George!" Dream called, laughing maniacally, "I'm going to get you!"

"No, no, Dream, stop! Just give me a *second* !" George begged, throwing blocks down and dipping under the trees.

Dream growled in frustration. "I'm *coming* , Georgie. I don't know why you're bothering to run."

"No, I'm going to win this time!!" George was determined. He had lost both of his other manhunts with Dream as the hunter, and Dream had gotten better, but so had he. There had to be a way out.

"I'm going to get you, George," Dream whispered, right into the mic.

An involuntary shudder ran down his spine. "Don't *do* that." It was getting harder to focus. The delicious sound of Dream's voice curled in his ear, caressing his nerves and sending sparks all the way down. George had never told Dream that his voice did this to him, but Dream seemed to know anyway.

"Don't do what?" Dream asked innocently.

George just groaned in frustration, leaping over the ravine in front of him. At the last minute, he flipped around, and punched at the air, just managing to hit Dream back down the huge pit.

*Dream fell from a high place .*

"Damn it, George!"

George just laughed hysterically, feeling the familiar comfort of knowing that the hunter was hundreds of blocks away. He would finally have time to get food and supplies, which he was desperately lacking.

"I can't *believe* you got me with that," Dream pouted.

"You're getting too cocky, Dream!" George teased with a sing-song tone.

Dream snickered. "I'm getting what, George?"

"Oh, shut up." He was killing a pig with fire and feeling good. There were animals everywhere, and Dream couldn't bring him down with that comment. It wasn't guaranteed that he would beat Dream, but at least he had a *chance* . A few more minutes on that goose chase, and George definitely would have died.



“You still think you can win this, George?” Dream’s voice was dripping with mockery, thick with disdain. Sometimes, he was a little too competitive.

“Yes, I do.”

George kept running, knowing that Dream would start to trail as soon as he had anything. His skills as a PVPer meant that, even with minimal supplies, he still might be able to take George in a fight, especially since George was getting gear himself. He made sure to pop through caves wherever he could, but he didn’t let himself get too far in, for fear of getting trapped.

“Oh Geooooorrrrgeeeee!!” Dream sang, breaking his sullen silence.

George didn’t want to give in or play along, so he replied innocently, “Yes, Dream?”

“I’m right behiiiiind youuuuu.”

“No, you’re not,” George scoffed, flipping into F5 mode. Dream was actually right behind him, with full iron. “WHAT?!”

“I hid all my iron in a chest before I died!” Dream giggled.

“No. No! No, you didn’t!” George only had a chestplate and axe. He was definitely going to die.

“I did, George, I did!!” Dream was getting a little feral, as he did sometimes, his voice pitching up in excitement.

George started to panic. How was meant to get away from this? “Dream, *pleeeaaassee* .”

A sharp intake of breath crackled through the speaker “ *Geeeeooooorrrrgeeee* ,” Dream murmured, low and sweet, right against the pop filter.

“Stop, actually, stop!” George hissed. Dream’s voice always *affected* him, and he was getting... hard.

“You getting *scared* , Georgie? I’m right *behind* you!” The word “behind” became a taunting song, curling into George’s ear and spiking fear through his heart, as he could practically hear Dream’s desperate efforts to get closer.

If George was being honest with himself, he was scared, but not about getting killed in the stupid manhunt. What if he made a *noise* ? What if he *begged* for it? He pressed his lips together, trying to hold everything in, and kept running.

“ *Geeeeooooorrrgeeeee* ...” Dream hummed, low and close, as if he was actually whispering to George directly. Was Dream *trying* to turn him on?

“Dream, *please* ,” George whimpered, despite himself. He muted his mic immediately, just as a terrified gasp slipped out of him. What had *that* sounded like? He hoped that it came across as only fear. He was literally panting with the effort and need.

He was definitely going to lose the manhunt.

“I’ve got you, George. There’s nowhere to run!” Dream cried out, interrupting his panicked train of thought.

George flipped his mic back on. “Leave me *alone* , Dream!”

“No.” With that, Dream caught up. His axe bit into George’s back, and George was pitched forward.

“Ah, damn!”

“I’ve got you nowwww!!!” Dream really was enjoying this too much.

“Dream, *please* , I-”

Another swing of the axe, and George was down to only one heart. He knew running wasn’t good for 1.16 PVP, but shields were useless against axes. As a desperate attempt to get away, he threw his only ender pearl.

It was too late. Dream hit him again, just before the pearl landed in safety, and George died with a scream. He was stuck staring at the respawn screen while Dream laughed and laughed.

“It’s not fair!” George whined, staring at his incredibly distracting erection.

“How is it not fair?”

“Ughhh, nevermind. I don’t know why I even agreed to do this again.”

“Sore loser!!” Dream taunted.

“Well, you’re a sore winner!”

“I mean, yeah, probably. Anyway, you wanna do something else?”

George shut off his recording, closing out of all the relevant windows and exiting the game. “I would love to, but I promised I would do something tonight.”

There was a long pause. “With who?”

“Don’t worry about it.” George really didn’t want to keep bringing up getting laid with Dream, especially since Dream hadn’t mentioned his secret person since the first time.

*George: Hey, you wanna meet up?*

“Fine... I guess I have something I could do tonight too...”

*Clay: Yeah, sure. My place in 15?*

“I’m sorry, Dream... I didn’t mean to have plans, but it just kind of happened.” George really did feel bad about it, but he really couldn’t explain to Dream what he needed to do, especially since it was a little bit (a lot) Dream’s fault.

*George: Sounds good.*

“Are... Are we cool? Like, um, did I go too far? I didn’t mean to actually... scare you...” Dream was so hesitant and unsure.

It set off a protective instinct in George that burned like fire. “No, Dream, no! Of course not! It has nothing to do with you at *all* .” God, he hated lying. “My hesitation is all about what I have to do tonight. I would much rather be hanging out with you. Promise.”

Dream breathed a sigh of relief, and everything about him returned to normal. “Okay, whew. I was

worried that you were a *truly* sore loser, and I can't deal with that!"

"Yeah, of course not." George couldn't help but smile. For a confident man who exuded bravado, Dream was so anxious. "Goodnight, Dream."

"Night, George."

The second the call ended, he was getting ready. He was already so turned on, but he didn't want to just take care of it himself. He really needed to bury his needy feelings into someone else. He just hoped Clay would be down to receive.

Fifteen minutes later, and George was knocking on the door. Clay was only wearing a pair of underwear, and George took a moment to savor the view before gently pushing his way inside.

"You're already hard?" Clay asked, incredulously.

"Yeah, someone got me all riled up."

"Well, I can help you with that..."

George was ready to go, but Clay slowed him down. He pressed gentle kisses into George's skin, trailing the lines of his cheeks, his collar bones, his jaw. It was so tender and sweet that George wasn't really sure what to do with it. It made him want to cry and ravage Clay at the same time.

George imagined Dream in front of him (even though he didn't have a reference) and did everything George would do to him if he could. A hand brushed through Clay's hair, fingers trailing his skin, and soft kisses across every plane of his body, which elicited the most delicious, needy gasps from Clay.

"Oh, Ge- Oh GOD." Clay moaned.

George didn't hear any slip up, too distracted by the overwhelming wanting.

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Sapnap's speedruns weren't that fast compared to Dream, but it was mostly about messing around and having fun. The clock hovered around forty-five minutes, and he was still running around the nether, trying to find his way back to the portal. George and Dream were a little distracted by whatever social media, but they both pitched into the conversation, especially to mention that they hoped Sapnap would die. The donations were rolling in, and, honestly, everyone was just having a good time.

"Sapitus, would you really fight your fans if they asked? You keep promising, but I don't know if I believe you, and I would love to throw down with you. :D"

"Y'all really think I won't? If you are over 18 and consent, you best be ready to catch these hands!" Sapnap said, laughing, but somehow very serious.

"You're not *actually* going to fight them," George commented.

"Yeah, I will! Watch, we'll get a Sapnap fight club going!"

"I'm pretty sure any fan who met you in person would immediately change their mind," Dream said.

"Why? Because I'm so ripped?"

"No," Dream drew the syllable out, dripping with scorn, "Because you are a semi-famous YouTuber. It's really easy to talk crap when it's through a screen."

"You think I'm famous?" Sapnap asked, ignoring everything else.

George snorted. "He said semi-famous, and that was him being kind."

"Whatever, George. At least my fans are interesting."

The robotic voice chimed in again, talking over the end of Sapnap's sentence. "Don't try me, Dream. I'm not scared. I'll kick both your asses! Face with steam from nose."

"See?" Sapnap bragged, smugly, "My fans know how it needs to be."

Dream shrugged. "I still don't think they'd be able to actually do it."

"Well, if they can't, I'll do it," George muttered, "When I come to America, I'll punch Sapnap right in the face, as a gift to his fans."

"Wow, thank you, Georgie," Sapnap cooed sarcastically, "What would I do without you?"

"You would do measurably worse at everything."

"Shut up, George," Sapnap snapped jokingly, with Dream giggling in the background.

"When is George coming to America?" the dono voice asked, sounding almost hesitant despite the monotonous tone. The question was so different from the previous one that it cut right through the banter.

George kind of froze, sitting in his dorm room in the states already, but completely unwilling and unable to tell his friends. "Um..."

"Yeah, Gogy, when are you going to come over here? Since you are soooo confident about socking me in the jaw or whatever, when will that lovely day come?"

"I dunno..."

"I think someone is too afraid to get in a scrap with me. It's pathetic, George," Sapnap scoffed.

"It's not that easy..."

"Why not, George?" Dream suddenly interjected, a little unsure of himself, "What's stopping you? The pandemic is over, borders are open, and flights are going out every day..."

"It's not that easy..." George repeated.

"I think our wittle Gogy is scared!" Sapnap teased.

The worst part was that George *was* scared. He was *terrified*, which is why he hadn't said anything to anyone about him already being there. It wasn't the fear of getting into a scrap with Sapnap though, it was Dream. What embarrassing thing would he do if he finally got to see

Dream's face, to be in his presence? There was no way he could find out safely.

"Oh, I think he is actually scared!" Dream's words were mocking, but he sounded a little hurt. George would do anything to take that pain away. Well, almost anything.

Instead of fixing it, he decided to play into it. "Yes, I'm so scared! I'm a wittle baby! Wah wah wah!" He layered the sarcasm on liberally, probably too much, hoping that it would let the subject drop.

"Why don't you want to come see me, George?" Dream pouted, a little too close to real for a live stream.

"Of course I want to see you, Dream," George breathed, "It's just... I dunno."

Sapnap, for all his mockery and blustering, knew when things were going too far. They all shared a lot on stream, but this was quickly becoming too much. Whatever thing was happening between his friends was best done in private, not in front of tens of thousands of people. "Whatever, George. You want to chicken out on a fight, I don't blame you. I'm pretty stacked. Now, can someone *please* tell me where the heck the portal went?"

The conversation quickly slipped away from George going to America, and even the chat moved on, except for the occasional flurry of questions that would pass through.

George felt incredibly tense for the rest of the stream, and it was hard to fall back into the groove of things. Dream was having no issue, already shooting the shit and enjoying himself, but George felt like there was going to be a discussion whenever this was done.

He was right. The second the stream was shut off, Dream was pestering him. "Why haven't you come to America, yet, actually?"

"I was being honest when I said I didn't know." It was a filthy lie, and he hated it, but what else could he say?

"George, please...?"

George sighed. "Dream, I'm sorry. I'm just... anxious."

"About what? Me?"

Yes about you, George thought. "Just, like, generally."

"Do you even want to meet me?" Dream asked quietly.

"Of course I do! I definitely do! I'm just..." George paused, looking for a way to say it without saying it. "What if I'm not as great in person as you think I am?"

"George, there's no way you aren't as great in person. I promise you that. You're probably even better."

"I just don't know, Dream..."

~~~

Clay was a little precious and wanting when George arrived. He got like this sometimes, George had noticed. It didn't bother him, in fact, it kind of worked. It was nice to be wanted in a way he could tolerate, especially because he could reciprocate on his terms, and know that it would be accepted, with no strings attached.

Clay pushed George to the couch, eagerly, and climbed into his lap, resting his perfect ass on George's thighs. "Fuck, you don't know how much I want you, Henry."

"I think I do," George teased, running his palm across the growing erection in Clay's pants.

"Ohhh fuck, Henry! Please?"

How could George say no? Even if it was the wrong name. "Get naked for me then."

Clay quickly slid off George's lap and started to pull off layers of clothing. George would have appreciated a show, but the man in front of him was far too horny to wait that long.

Within a minute, Clay was back on his lap, hard cock bouncing against George's stomach. George had taken the time to hastily rip his clothes off too, and so they sat, completely naked and in awe. For some reason, it had become something they did on occasion. They would just enjoy the look of the naked man in front of them, appreciate what they had, even if it wasn't exactly what they wanted.

"I prepped before you came," Clay murmured.

"Really?" George raised an eyebrow, "That eager for me?"

"Yes," Clay breathed, "Please..."

"You beg so prettily, Clay." George gently cupped his cheek, brushing his thumb across it.

"Thank you." His eyes got wide, and he lifted himself off of George's lap, and positioned himself right above his cock, before carefully sinking down to the hilt, shaking ever so slightly.

George gasped. "Oh, fuck, Clay..."

Clay threw his arms around George's shoulders, bracing himself against George and the couch, and he pulled himself up. "Yeah? That feel good?" He let himself fall back down again.

"Nnnnn yes, feels *so* good." George grabbed onto the soft skin of Clay's hips, feeling the muscles move as he did.

Clay started to bounce on George's cock, up and down with some delicious swirling of his hips on occasion. Sometimes, he would stop, and roll his waist, which always made George's eyes flutter.

"How are you so good at this?" George asked, panting.

"Practice and a desperate need to please."

"You are something else, you know that right?"

"Thank you." Clay smiled at him, slowing his pace to kiss George on the lips.

When he pulled away, leaving a grin in his wake, George replied, "You're welcome." He had meant it as a compliment, honestly.

It was a sweet moment, even if it was ultimately meaningless.

Clay kissed him again, and continued to ride George for all he was worth. George was impressed by the strength Clay must have held in his body, since he was doing most of the work. Even as he cried out in exquisite pleasure each time he landed, he still managed to keep rhythm.

After a few moments, George could tell he was getting a little tired though. “Do you want to move positions?”

“I’m... okay...”

“Cause, I kind of want to fuck you into the ground...”

“Oh...” Relief spread across Clay’s face. It was the perfect out, a way to save his dignity. “Well... I mean, yeah, if you want to.”

“Is your carpet clean?”

“Clean enough.”

George sat up, still inside of Clay, and sort of threw them to the floor. It wasn’t well thought out, and they collapsed into a heap on the ground, a little tangled in each other. Clay let out a kind of strangled sound as they landed, which worried George. “You alright?!”

“Mmmm yes, it was soooo *deep* , Henry. Do it again?”

“Oh, absolutely.” George pulled himself up, rearranging their limbs and bracing Clay’s body against his own, before thrusting down as hard as he could.

Clay’s eyes rolled in the back of his head, body twitching. A guttural sound escaped him, and George worried for a moment, before the grin spread across Clay’s cheeks and he begged for more. George couldn’t refuse, especially when it felt that amazing.

He started pounding Clay into the ground, fucking him with abandon. Clay was loving every second of it, grabbing onto George’s hips and pulling him deeper, with words like “more!” and “harder!” bursting out of him. The pleasure started mounting, building, and both of them were getting close.

“Ahhhhnnn, *George!* ” Clay moaned, writhing beneath George’s body.

George stopped thrusting immediately, absolutely stunned. “What the hell?” he asked. He didn’t care that Clay had used the “wrong” name, but how had Clay used *his* name?

“Oh, fuck, Henry, I’m sorry!” Clay covered his face with his hands. “George is the guy I’m hung up on. I didn’t mean to...”

George blinked. Did Clay know? Was Clay messing with him? George quickly decided that wasn’t the case. There was no way. “Don’t worry about it. I know what we’re doing here. You just never said his name before.”

“Oh... You’re not mad?”

“Not at all.” George was a common enough name. It had to be a coincidence. There was literally nothing else it could be.

“Um... You can say the name of your guy too, if you want.”

George almost laughed out loud. Dream was so famous by that point that most people knew his name. “No, I can’t.” He started thrusting again, fucking Clay deep into the carpet, trying to ignore the sound of his real name on Clay’s lips.

It sounded too close to something he knew.

~~~

Dream was streaming for once. George wasn’t sure what prompted him to do it, but he had joined the stream all the same.

“Hey Dream!”

“Hey George.” Dream replied, a little reserved.

“Everything okay?” George asked, knowing it wasn’t. Things had been weird since he had admitted that he was scared to “go” to America. He couldn’t give Dream a good reason why, and so it was being taken personally.

“Yeah, everything’s fine. I’m just a bit tired...”

Dream: You know we can’t talk about this on stream.

George: I’m sorry. I really am. Please don’t be mad. It’s really not personal!

Dream: Then why George?

They had been going back and forth for a while, and every time George couldn’t find a satisfactory answer, they drifted a tiny bit further apart.

George: I’m just terrified of rejection (Which was true.)

Dream: From me? What makes you think I would ever reject you?

George sighed. They had had this exact conversation before, and it always went the same way. He couldn’t give the real reason, and Dream could tell he was hiding something.

George: It’s not personal, honestly! It’s my own fears, my own anxiety.

Dream: Let me help?

George: I’m not ready...

Dream: Fine.

George felt awful. This was clearly a huge sore spot for Dream, though George wasn’t exactly sure why. He decided to try something new, to get as close to honesty as he could.

George: I really am sorry. There is something I can’t tell you, but it’s not because I hate you or don’t want to meet you. I am hiding something, but it’s not what you think. I just need time...

There was a long period where Dream didn’t reply. George busied himself, suppressing the

gnawing anxiety growing in his belly, by watching Dream's stream. It was good to see him speedrunning again. Watching something Dream loved get corrupted and ruined by people accusing him of cheating was hard, especially since Dream genuinely liked to do it so much, outside of any leaderboard. It was calming to watch him get back into the swing of things, even if things were tense between them.

A notification ding interrupted his thoughts.

Dream: Thank you for telling me. I don't like it, but I appreciate your honesty, and... I guess I understand. I hope one day you will be able to tell me... I don't want you to be scared of me, George.

George: I'm not scared of you! Honestly! I'm just... scared...

Dream: Okay. I can understand that... I love you.

George: Yeah, me too.

George still had a lot of trouble sending his love to Dream, especially when it started becoming the kind of love that stole his breath and made him too afraid to meet his friend. It felt like saying it would either be an omission of its depth or a confession he wouldn't be ready to give. He refocused on the stream instead of continuing to think about any of that.

Dream had always been better at multitasking, so the stream had barely noticed his inattentiveness as he continued running through a plains biome like nothing had happened. They started chatting again, out loud this time, and things started going back to normal. There was a tiny thread of division and worry between them, but the wall had crumbled enough that they could enjoy each other's company.

A dono burst through, interrupting Dream's frustrated growls about the lack of a fortress. "Hey Dream, love your stream and it's so good to see you again! I just have to ask, are you dating anyone? How do you deal with your fame in a romantic setting?"

George's heart thumped in his chest. He didn't want to know the answer to this, especially if the answer was that Dream was seeing that person he had mentioned a while back. He didn't want Dream to be getting laid, even as he was sleeping with someone else.

Dream laughed. "No, I'm not really dating anyone, and the fame does add a... variable, that's for sure. Basically I handle it by putting on a fake accent to change my voice. It doesn't need to be good, it just needs to make me unrecognizable. Makes it easier to date without worrying about whether they like the real me or not."

"You use a fake accent?" George asked, incredulously, surprised to find that Dream did the exact thing he did.

"Yeah, I do. I kind of stole the accent from you, actually?"

"What?"

"At least I think so..."

"Well, now I need to hear it."

"Oh my God, George, no!"

“No, I need to hear it!” George demanded, grinning, “If you’re going to be stealing from me and representing my accent to the masses, I need to hear it!”

“Yeah, but if people hear it, then it kind of defeats the purpose of using a fake accent, doesn’t it? Besides, I don’t just copy your accent and do nothing else. That would be too obvious.”

George’s curiosity spiked at that, and he wanted to hear it even more. Something about this was tugging at the back of his mind, but he couldn’t quite put a finger on it. He knew better than to be too pushy, though, especially with how uncomfortable Dream seemed. “Fiiiiine. Don’t show me. I’ll just assume it’s shameful and judge you for it.”

“That’s fine with me.”

~~~

George stretched lazily in the golden light of the morning, feeling well rested and well fucked. He let Clay top last night, and he had that delicious full body ache from being relentlessly pounded into every surface that they crashed into. He let his mind wander through the events of the night, savoring every memory, until something hit him.

He didn’t remember going home.

His eyes shot open to Clay’s bedroom. He should have known. The light was coming from the wrong direction, the wrong angle, the bed was different, and there was a body pressed into his back. An arm was loosely draped across his waist, drawing him closer, but without any insistence.

“Shit,” he hissed, wondering what the best course of action was.

He had never spent the night before. It was a secret understanding that they had between each other, one they had never discussed because they hadn’t needed to, and here he was, lying naked in Clay’s bed as the sun rose.

He decided to try sneaking out. He rolled his body, gently lifting Clay’s arm and easing himself off the bed as quietly and softly as he could, only to turn and make direct eye contact with Clay, who was not sleeping.

“Morning,” Clay said, without a hint of tone or emotion.

The color drained from George’s face. “Morning...” It was a little awkward, standing there, one leg partially in the air, morning wood hanging between his thighs, as he tried to escape. “I’m so sorry, Clay, I didn’t realize how tired I was...”

Clay’s face was unreadable for what felt like an eternity, before it finally split with a grin. “Oh my God, Henry, you can get back in bed.”

“For fuck’s sake, Clay, you scared me! I was so sure you were pissed!” George let himself sink back into the mattress, a little stiffly and still unsure of himself.

“Oh, get over here.” Clay gently tugged on George’s arm, drawing him into a warm embrace.

Somehow, it was easier to talk to Clay honestly than Dream, so George could say, “We never

talked about it, but I assumed... I don't regret waking up here, but we aren't doing feelings, so..."

Clay lay a kiss in the hollow of his neck. "Sleeping over isn't 'feelings,' and besides... I'm not, like, in love with you or anything, but I do *like* you, Henry. I like having you around, and so... Yeah, it's fine, basically."

George couldn't help but smile. "I don't love you either, Clay, but I do like you too. I'm really glad we found each other. And hopefully we can confess our feelings to our other people at the same time, yeah?"

"Right. It would be so bad if only one of us made it."

George sighed contentedly, letting himself lean back into Clay's arms. It was those little moments that got him through and let him pretend. There was no real love, but if he closed his eyes and ignored reality, he could imagine it was more. He could imagine that it was *Dream*.

"Hey, Henry?"

"Yeah, Clay?"

"Since you're here already, and you're hard apparently, you want to do it?"

George laughed. He had never met anyone that was as desperately horny as Clay was, but it was nice to turn someone on. "Yeah, yeah I do."

~~~

Karl was streaming that night, and everyone had joined in on a voice chat. Despite all of them talking out loud, Dream, Sapnap, Karl, and Quackity were each messaging George in separate discord chats, and each of them were sending him nasty memes to elicit "shocked British noises" for the chat. All of the sexy memes were making him think of Clay, and he wanted to sext with him, to fill their message history with all the nasty things they would do together when they were both free. George was stuck in the stream because he had promised (though he didn't tell Clay that), and Clay was stuck doing something too.

With all the kinky memes, George was actually getting a little aroused, which was something he *really* tried not to do in front of his friends or the *entire twitch audience*, but they just kept going.

"Really, Quackity? Really? What is actually wrong with you? I mean- Just- Really?" George sputtered, staring at a photoshopped picture of a very erect cock.

Quackity burst out in shrieking laughter, which combined with the sound of him banging on the desk to drown out anything else. "I just thought you would enjoy it!"

"Oh my God. You guys are *ridiculous*. What if I told chat exactly what you are all sending me?"

"They'd probably like it too!" Sapnap managed between his giggles.

"I'll actually leave," George threatened.

"Oh, George, don't go yet!" Karl soothed, "We need you here!"

“Thank you, *Karl* .”

Karl continued, grin painting his voice. “Yeah, who else would make shocked British noises for us?!”

George rolled his eyes and scoffed, which only sent everyone over the edge all over again. He decided to let off some steam and tease Clay at the same time.

“You’ve been awfully quiet, Dream,” Sapnap suddenly commented.

“I’m just trying to find some extra spicy memes to send George,” Dream replied, nonchalantly.

A discord chat from Dream came through, but George wasn’t looking. Karl had started bouncing in his chair, and, as usual, he fell over, so George had to watch him collapse to the ground. He was texting without looking, too busy laughing at Karl tipping over *again* , and then he sent the message, before finally looking down... to see he had sent it to Dream.

I want to deepthroat you until I reach the base, and then I'll suck that actual life out of you, baby. I can't wait until I'm free, so I can spend the rest of the night writhing beneath you. I don't want to walk anymore.

It was explicit, far too explicit, and he had sent it to *Dream* . Somehow, when the notification came through, it must have switched windows. He stared, in horror, frozen for a moment, before he finally remembered to act. He long pressed the message and deleted it.

But it was too late.

Dream: WHAT?!

Dream: What the hell?

Dream: What do you want to do with me?!

George: No! Sorry! That was meant for someone else!!! Sorry, Dream.

Dream: Oh... Yeah, okay.

George: I'm really sorry!

Dream: No, it's fine.

“Now they're both quiet!” Sapnap teased, “What, are y’all sexting or something?”

George's heart stopped for a moment when he heard that. Would Dream tell everyone? He could easily ruin George’s life by reading that message, and if Dream had managed to screenshot it? George might as well just die, in that case.

“Sorry, no, we got into a rapid fire meme competition,” Dream said quietly.

George sighed with relief. “Yeah, just really got into trying to one up each other.”

“Oh. Well, who won?” Sapnap asked.

“George did,” Dream replied immediately, with a touch of what could have been sadness, but George was sure he was imagining things.

~~~

George and Sapnap were playing Minecraft alone. They rarely got a chance to play without Dream, but he was sleeping and they didn't want to wake him. It was kind of nice, actually. Getting to just *play* without the constant reminder of need from Dream's luscious voice. They weren't even streaming or recording. George never got a chance to just *enjoy* himself anymore.

"So... You seeing anyone?" Sapnap asked suddenly and awkwardly, killing a sheep in game.

"Why? You asking me out, Sappy?" George teased, knowing that Sapnap wasn't interested in him in the slightest.

"No, dude, no! I was just... curious! Jesus..."

George laughed, truly enjoying making his friend squirm. "Well, since you are *so* curious. Yes, I'm sort of seeing someone. It doesn't mean anything, though. Just kind of filling time until..." Until he got the courage to confess to Dream? Until he moved on? Until he died? George didn't know how to finish the sentence, so he didn't, letting it trail off into silence.

"Until...?" Sapnap prompted.

"Until whenever. I don't know. The future."

"Huh... Well, is he good to you?"

Not as good as Dream. "Yeah, he's nice. But it's not... It doesn't matter."

"I never expected you to have a fuck buddy, Georgie." It was meant to be a taunt, but it came across as a little too serious, with the bite of concern.

"Well, I do, and I don't need you to mother me about it. I'm an adult, and I can make my own decisions."

"Can't you just talk to Dream?"

"Don't."

"George, come on, just--"

"I'm serious, Sapnap," George snapped, "Don't."

"I- Fine..."

"Look, I'm sorry... I just... I can't, okay? Dream and I are too intertwined. We are best friends and basically coworkers, and I don't want to ruin it."

Sapnap sighed. "I don't think you'll 'ruin' anything, but I'll drop it."

"Thank you." George leaned back in his chair, haunted by flashes of hope. What if he did ask and it went well? It was too good to be true, painfully wanted, but impossible. "Besides, Clay is nice."

"Clay?"

"Yeah, why?"

“Nothing... It’s just weird”

“What’s weird?” George asked, pursing his lips.

“Honestly, nothing. It doesn’t matter.”

~~~

“Come on, Clay, I want to bottom tonight!” George whined.

“You got to last time! I’m feeling lazy! It’s my turn!” Clay’s tone could rival George’s in pathetic neediness. “I’m not going to fuck your ass, so if you want to get laid, then get to it!”

“You’re telling me if I don’t fuck you, we won’t fuck at all?”

Clay plopped his ass on the couch, crossing his arms defiantly. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

“Clay, pleaseeeeeee.”

“No.” Clay wouldn’t even look at George at that point, feeling kind of smug and petty, because he was sure this would actually work.

“Oh my god, you are the *worst!* ”

Clay said nothing.

“Clay, please?”

Nothing.

George pouted, crossing his arms. “This is ridiculous.”

Clay still said nothing, waiting on the acquiescence he wanted. There wasn’t anything else that would make him acknowledge the needy man standing in front of him.

“Stop, you’re hurting me...”

“Oh, I’m ‘hurting’ you?” Clay finally responded

A wave of *deja vu* washed over him, remembering when he had used it against Dream to a similar response. He tried to ignore it, because it wasn’t relevant. Besides, he thought of Dream all the time with Clay, because of the nature of what they were doing together. “Yes.”

Clay rolled his eyes, but made eye contact again. “Oh come on, now.”

“What did you say?” That was Dream’s *thing* . Sure, he wasn’t the only one to say it, but it was definitely bizarre.

A panicked expression crossed over Clay’s face for a moment, and he fidgeted in his seat. “Um, why?”

George suddenly realized how ridiculous he was being. Dream was a popular YouTuber, and getting bigger by the day. Plus, it wasn’t like he had a copyright on it or anything. Clay could be a

fan or have just heard it somewhere. There was no other realistic explanation. “Nevermind. I’m just being weird. Besides, you realize there are other things we can do, right?”

Clay relaxed, sinking back into the couch a little. “What?”

“Like there are other options besides anal?”

“Right! Obviously. So... what do you want to do?”

“We’ll figure it out as we go.” George grinned coyly, sidling up to Clay and straddling him. “We’ve never had problems adapting.”

“We are definitely versatile,” Clay teased.

“Oh my God...” George rolled his eyes.

~~~

“I *love* you, George,” Dream said, “I’ll keep saying it until you believe it.”

The problem was that George *did* believe it. Dream truly cared about him, there was no doubt in his mind, but Dream wasn’t *in* love with him, and that was the problem. George knew that the second he said those three words, everything would be ruined, everyone would know, and he would lose it all. “Yeah, okay, Dream.”

Something like this happened almost every night.

“Come on, George, you know I love you, right?” Dream didn’t usually push, but he sounded a little... desperate.

“Of course, I do, Dream.”

“Good. Now, tell me you love me!”

“I... I have to go, Dream... It’s late here.” George hated lying, but he did have to go. If Dream kept pushing, eventually, George would have to say it, and he couldn’t *actually* say it.

“George, please, just tell me you love me!” Dream begged, and it didn’t quite sound like he was kidding.

“I have to go, Dream,” George insisted, feeling a lump in his chest. He couldn’t do it, he just couldn’t. It was starting to actually hurt.

“Wait, please, George, before you go...”

“Goodnight, Dream.”

“George!”

“*Goodnight*,” he repeated, before turning back to his stream. He read off the last donos, said his final goodbyes, and signed off. Some part of him was sure that Dream would be waiting to talk after the stream, but the channel was empty when he went to check. His heart twisted painfully in

his chest, but he wasn't really sure what to do about it. It felt like things were falling apart, despite how tightly he was trying to hold them together.

His phone started to ring, buzzing noisily against the wooden desk, and his heart soared for a moment. Maybe it was Dream, wanting to talk, to apologize, to just *be* ?

It was Clay, strangely enough. George didn't think they had ever talked on the phone before. It had always been through text.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Henry! I'm..." Clay paused, taking in a deep breath. Was he crying? "I'm so sorry to bother. I just... I don't know who else to ask."

"What's going on? Are you alright? Do you need me to come over?"

"Yeah, I'm fine... I'm... I'm okay. I just... Fuck, I can't... I shouldn't have called."

George had never seen Clay so... small and unsure. Something big must have happened between him and the other George. He made his voice soft, soothing. "It's okay, Clay. You can tell me."

"I just... I need you to tell me you love me..."

"Um... what?"

"Please, Henry, I know you don't mean it, but please, just... Just tell me you love me. I just... I *really* need to hear it."

*George, please, just tell me you love me!*

This was different though. There was no one watching, no stream, no fans. Clay and Henry were just two lonely men in need of comfort, and Clay *needed* it, George could tell. He felt a little bad that he couldn't say it to Dream, but he was sure that Dream would be able to hear the sincerity, would know about his feelings, if he said the words out loud.

"I love you, Clay. Goodnight, and sleep well," George murmured.

"Thank you, Henry... Thank you. And I l-"

"Don't," George interrupted. "I appreciate it, but... I don't need to hear it back." Dream already sent his love every day, so another empty promise wouldn't help him. He needed it to be real or nothing.

"Okay... Thanks again, Henry. Night."

"Night."

The call ended.

~~~

George sighed, trying to figure out what to do in the SMP. He didn't want to be playing. He wanted

to be fucking Clay. The need to be touched kept getting worse and worse, and Dream wasn't helping. It would be easier if George could play without him, but he couldn't bear to send him away either.

The robotic voice popped up, reading out another donation. "Hey George, thank you so much for being yourself! I love your content and I love you! I was just wondering, why did your name used to be "GeorgeeeHDPlays?" Does "HD" stand for something?"

For a moment, George felt bad. The fans weren't at fault for his sullen mood. He didn't think they had noticed how bad it was, but they deserved him at his best. "Thank you so much! I'm so glad you love what I make, and I love you too! My old username is based on my full name, George Henry Davidson. That's what the "HD" comes from." He was going to have to see Clay again that night, try and get into a better groove.

Everything was normal for a moment, and George kept just running around the server, not a care in the world, just trying to find a good ending point.

"Henry is your middle name?" Dream asked, suddenly.

George's anxiety started to spike. "Yeah, why?"

"Nothing. Just... It's just... I just didn't know, I guess."

George wasn't sure how to respond to that, so he didn't.

Some part of his brain kept coming back to Dream's question, though. Why had he been so bent out of shape around George's middle name? Was it romantic, or had Dream just realized how little he actually knew about George?

It wasn't like he could ask.

George saw Clay that night, and he was a little... off when he first arrived. His eyes scanned George intently, curiously, trying to pull some information that George couldn't guess at.

"Um, hello? Can I help you?" George asked, slipping back into the American accent he had gotten so good at.

"Sorry, just... Nevermind. It's not even possible."

"What are you talking about?"

"Honestly, nevermind. Forget I even said anything..."

If it had been Dream or Sapnap, George would have pushed. He would have demanded answers and not let it drop until he was sure he knew everything he needed to know. But this was Clay, and they didn't talk about these things. "Okay."

Clay looked especially sad that night. He was so clearly *wanting*, but George didn't know what it was Clay wanted. He tried not to think about it.

~~~

Dream had been driving George wild. It was like Dream was *trying* to push his buttons, to leave him needy and *wanting* . Dream had to realize what he was doing, right? He couldn't be so oblivious that he genuinely didn't know that George was turned on, could he?

George was doing everything in his power not to cry. It was almost *cruel* what Dream was doing to him, and he didn't even know, or, at least, George had to believe he didn't know. If Dream was tormenting him *on purpose* , to mock him or something... George couldn't even entertain the thought.

The moment they hung up, he was texting Clay. *Please. I need you* .

Clay responded in a second. *Same. Come over* .

George got there in record time, and he was already pulling off his shirt before they even crossed the threshold of the door, placing desperate kisses all over Clay's collar. Clay could barely keep up as George slammed him into a wall, shutting the door behind them with his foot.

They didn't even bother to get to the bed before they were fucking, braced against the wall and crying out with desperate abandon. It was rough, and they practically threw each other around the living room, stumbling into the bedroom with Clay already inside him.

"Hah, Clay, please..." George begged.

"Yeah, Henry, you *need* me, right?"

"Yes, Clay, yes, ah!, I *need* you. Oh, fuck! Please, fuck me until I can't, mmm, *breathe* ."

"Well, since you asked..." Clay adjusted his position, pushing George's hips up so he could get in a little deeper, and hit that sweet spot.

"Ahhhh! Fuck, yes, yes! *Dreaaaaaammmmm* !"

The second it came out of him, everything stopped. George slapped a hand over his mouth, terrified and embarrassed. Having never said Dream's name in his fake accent, it had come out of him in his real voice, in his real tone, just like it would in any video.

If Clay knew about GeorgeNotFound, he had to know who he was fucking from that.

Clay had stopped moving, resting his cock right against George's prostate, but not stimulating it. His face was absolutely shocked, drained of all color and stuck.

"I'm so sorry, Clay!" George tried, slipping the fake accent back over his voice like a cloak, "I didn't mean to! I know you said it was okay, but it's clearly affecting you and-"

"George?" Clay asked, cutting him off, an American accent slipping in.

George's cheeks burned. Clay was a fucking fan. He was in the middle of fucking one of his fans, and they figured out it was him *while they were still inside him* . He covered his face with his hands. "Oh my *God* ."

"Wait, George?! Is that really you?!" Clay insisted, trying to pull George's arms away.

"Fucking hell..." George dropped his hands, feeling the heat bursting in his cheeks. "Yeah, you got me..."

"George *Henry Davidson*. Oh my fucking God..."

“Listen, I get this must be crazy for you, but I’m gonna need you to either get me off or get off of me...”

“Oh, sorry, George.” That seemed to jolt Clay back into the reality of their situation, and he pulled out with a sad sigh. George tried not to whine as he was emptied, but this really wasn’t a conversation they could be having mid-sex.

It was really weird having Clay say his real name, and it sounded... familiar but impossible. George grabbed a blanket and used it to cover his naked crotch. “So, yeah... I’m GeorgeNotFound... I would really appreciate it if you didn’t tell people about... this. I can sign whatever you want, though.”

“What?” Clay cocked his head to the side, before his eyes widened with understanding. “No, George, it’s me! I’m Dream!” He had completely dropped his fake accent by that point, and he had opted to cover himself with a decorative pillow.

George could hear it by then, but... “There is absolutely no way. It’s impossible. It’s literally impossible!”

“No, George, it’s really me! I’m really Dream! Clay is my given name, but it’s really me...” Clay smiled, and his voice... His voice was...

“Don’t be ridiculous, Clay! I mean, how could you *possibly* be Dream?” George paused, the coincidences and truth trying to break through, but he shook his head. “No. You just... Like you’re just a fan who does a good impersonation or something.”

“George, no, come on! It’s me!”

“Prove it.”

Clay considered it for a moment, looking strangely cute with his face lost in thought while he stood, completely naked, behind a poop emoji pillow. “Oh! I got it! Remember when you texted me that really dirty sext that was meant for ‘someone else?’ And then I didn’t tell the guys because I am the *best* ? Well, later, I asked Sapnap to ask about your dating life.”

“What? No... No way... What did the text say, then? And what did Sapnap tell you?”

“The text was about you ‘sucking the life’ out of someone and ‘writhing’ beneath them, and Sapnap just told me you had a fuck buddy.” Clay seemed to read George’s hesitance, so he added, “Here, I’ll show you,” before waddling across the room to his phone. After pressing a few buttons and scrolling a bit, he handed the thing to George, showing their discord conversation from Dream’s perspective.

George held the phone in his hand gently, cradling it like it was sacred. “No way... Dream?”

“Yeah, that’s me...”

How George had missed it all this time, he would never know. In retrospect, he felt like a gargantuan idiot as all the pieces fell together, slamming against his brain as they did. “So the person ‘Clay’ was hung up on was...?”

Clay Dream laughed. “It was *you* , George. Oh my fucking God. And the person ‘Henry’ was hung up on...?”

“Was you Dream. It’s always been you...”

“Fuck, that’s the hottest thing... I love you, George...”

“I love you too, Dream. I really do...”

“You do?!” Dream’s face lit up.

“Of course I do! I just... I couldn’t say it.”

“Wow, that’s... Wait...” Dream paused. “You’ve been in America this whole time, and you still wouldn’t come visit me?”

“Well, Dream, I had this big fat raging crush on you for just so long, and I was worried that if we met, I would do something stupid, though, clearly I needn’t have worried.”

Dream laughed, wheezing his breath out in the way George knew so well. “It sounds more like you had a big fat raging *boner* for me, George.”

“That was literally the issue I was worried about! What if we met up and I just...”

“Hold on, *that* was the thing you were hiding? That you wanted me?”

George just nodded.

“Do you still want me, Georgie?” Dream asked, more tentative than George had ever seen him.

“God yes,” George breathed.

Dream started to walk forward, approaching George slowly, like he would run away. “Oh, so if I were to...”

George was not a patient man, especially with the emotional rollercoaster he had just been through. He had used sex to ignore a lot, and he could really use a clear head. He grabbed Clay’s hand and tugged him closer, until he half fell in George’s lap, and suddenly, they were kissing.

It was frantic and needy. One of George’s hands was lost in Dream’s hair, the other gripping Dream’s arm for dear life. Dream was holding George close, unwilling to let him go for even a second. Clay and Henry had kissed before, but it was nothing like the electro-charged explosion that took George and Dream. George just kept repeating in his mind, over and over, *I’m kissing Dream . I’m touching Dream . Dream wants me .* They started to fall back, pitching towards the mattress, until George was sprawled beneath Dream on the bed, all sweet and wanting, and he pulled Dream on top of him.

For a moment, they paused, caught in each other’s gaze, panting slightly at the intensity of it all. George looked into those huge golden eyes, recontextualizing them in his mind to be Dream’s. “I love you so much, Dream,” he murmured, “God, it feels good to say it.”

Dream grinned. “It feels good to hear it, too.”

“Dream, can...” George had to look away, trying to gather from some secret stash of courage so he could ask for what he wanted.

A hand cupped his face, and he looked back. “What is it, George? You can ask me anything.”

“Can we... Um... I want to... Um...” How was George meant to ask this?

“Honestly, just tell me George...”

George took a deep breath, and decided to just say it. "Fuck me?"

The grin grew even wider, practically splitting Dream's face in half. "Oh, you want me to fuck you, George?"

"I *need* you to fuck me, Dream. Please...?"

"Fuck, that is the hottest thing I've ever heard in my entire life, George."

George blushed. "Yeah?"

"Absolutely."

Dream started to rain kisses down on George, starting with his face, then moving down his neck to his chest, before ripping the blanket off. George gasped, blushing immediately and suddenly embarrassed because Dream could *see* him, but Dream didn't stop for even a moment, continuing to kiss down until he was just hovering above George's cock.

"Well, it looks like someone got distracted." Dream carefully took George's flagging erection in his hand, stroking it lightly. "I think I'd better help you with that."

Before George could even speak, Dream was sucking him down, drawing it all into his mouth and swirling his tongue around its softness until it hardened (which didn't take long).

George let out a strangled cry at the sudden and delicious sensation, writhing in the bed. "Ah! CL-DREAM!"

Dream looked up at him with those huge, golden eyes, filled with lust and desire. George wanted *more* . He wanted to be fucked down into the mattress. He wanted to *scream* for Dream.

It was almost like Dream read his mind, since he pulled off George's cock and started placing open mouthed kisses up George's hips and torso until they were eye to eye again.

"Are you ready for me?" Dream asked solemnly.

" *Please...* "

Dream lined himself up, slipping back inside with no resistance and no issue. He slid down to the hilt in one smooth motion, and George felt so good, so amazing, because it was Dream doing it.

George cupped Dream's face with a hand, cradling his cheek with such affection that it caused both of them to pause. "I want you."

"Yeah?" Dream pulled out and thrust back down, causing George to cry out.

"God, yes! ohh! You like it, ahhhh, when I *want* you, mmm *Dream* ?"

"Yes, oh fuck *yes* , George. God, please, moan my name again." Dream was back to pounding with full force by that point, gripping George's hips in his hands.

"Ohhh Dream!" George cried, "Yes, Dream, yes! Fuck, you don't know how long I've wanted this!"

That caused Dream to pause, as if he couldn't believe how lucky he was. "Really?"

"Yes, really! But, Dream, *please* ."

Dream started to thrust again, but slower this time. He leaned forward and pulled George up into a kiss, rocking their bodies against each other. George threw his arms around Dream, pulling himself up more so they could fully make out. They pressed their bodies together, savoring it like they had never allowed themselves to do before. For a moment, they lay together in the paradise of each other, relishing the fact that they could.

But soon, need took over, and Dream started to slam his hips down, just to feel George's sharp gasps against his lips. Dream was practically holding up the entire weight of George's body off the bed, pulling him up, just so their faces could stay close together, but it was worth it, and he had the strength to do it for a while at least. His pace was insistent and demanding, but it worked well, and soon they were both writhing.

"Oh, fuck, Dream, DREAM, I'm, ahhhhnnnn, fuck I'm gonna, mmmmm, cum!" George cried, shaking with the power of it.

"Me too, Georgie, oh fuck, me too! Cum for me! Let's cum together!"

George finished on his own stomach, unable to care about the mess as his release finally came over him. Even untouched, the power of everything brought him over the edge, and he spilled freely, holding onto Dream for dear life as it took him. He screamed Dream's name as his back arched against the intensity of it, shaking and gasping.

The spasming and rippling from inside drove Dream wild, and he followed shortly after, pumping cum deep in George's ass. He cried out George's name, thrusting his last strokes, as he started to come down, before finally dropping to the bed with George underneath him. Both of them were panting, desperately, not believing what they had just done, what they had been doing with *each other* the entire time. Their eyes met as their chests heaved, and they found an intensity there that hadn't been there before. In their hearts, they knew it had to be true. They had actually found each other.

Dream wrapped his long arms around George's body and held him close, whispering into George's chest, "I love you."

George returned the embrace, squeezing Dream for dear life, as if to prove it was real, and said, "I love you, too. I'm so sorry I never said it before now. I was just worried you would hear it in my voice and *know* and reject me. But now can say it, and I love you, Dream. I love you with all of my heart."

Dream's body shook with a sob, and he clutched desperately at George's torso. "I don't think I'll ever get tired of getting to hear you say that." His voice was thick and choked.

"Oh, Dream. Fuck, I'm so sorry! I should have told you so long ago. I'll say it a million times if it will help. I love you, Dream. I. *Love* . You." He lay a gentle kiss on Dream's forehead.

"No, no, George, these are happy tears! I can't believe how this has managed to work out! I mean, every time I said 'I love you' to you, I kept praying that you would hear it in my voice and *know* . I kept hoping that one day, it would just click for you, and you could tell me whether or not you wanted me. I just can't believe you were on the other side, feeling the same way. But we figured it out, somehow, in the most unlikely way."

"I guess we're just drawn to each other. I don't normally flirt like that or go home with a guy I met at a bar that night."

"Honestly, you were the first guy I ever picked up like that. I still don't know how it worked..."

George laughed. "Maybe it was fate."

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"Are you fucking *serious*?" Sapnap demanded.

"Yes," George said simply. He was sitting on Dream's lap, with Dream's arms lazily looped around his waist and a chin on his shoulder. It had been incredibly hard to convince Dream to let him go after they figured it all out, so he hadn't left Dream's side much since that night, and they were touching most of the time.

"That is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard in my life, and there is no way it's true. You guys are just fucking with me. You had a secret meetup, figured out your feelings *that way*, and now you are making up some BS story for shits and giggles."

"No, Sap, I promise you, that's exactly what happened." Dream murmured, resisting the urge to plant small kisses along George's neck. He had to focus on what they were doing.

"If that's actually what happened, how are you both the *stupidest* fucking people alive? Like both of you were literally one question away from figuring it out, but you didn't just *ask*? Like, the first night, the one right after you met, when you both admitted to getting laid, if you had just *talked*, I guarantee that you would have figured it out." Sapnap wasn't actually angry with them, but he was *incredibly* frustrated. If George hadn't made that awkward mistake (which he regretted learning about), who knows how long it would have gone on for?

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I get it. We're both oblivious idiots who can't figure anything out," George mimicked, rolling his eyes, "Except both of us were talking to *you* about our crushes and issues from day one, and you didn't figure it out either, not until we told you!"

"I mean, I considered it, but it was completely impossible so..."

"Exactly!" George and Dream said in unison, which made them giggle and lean into each other even more.

"Ew, fucking gross!" Sapnap fake gagged, covering his mouth with his hand and looking away, "Is this what it's going to be like from now on?"

"I mean, I have to imagine it's better than what you were dealing with before," Dream commented.

"Yeah," George agreed, "I mean watching both of us be helplessly gay for each other and knowing without being able to say anything must have been rough."

"Honestly, it was, and I will definitely need some kind of compensation for the emotional toll that it had on me." Sapnap pretended to sniffle and wiped away a fake tear, voice choked "I mean, it was just so hard, you know, and-"

"Alright! We get it! Jesus..." George rolled his eyes. "You're such a drama queen."

"Yeah, but you like it, apparently, since Dream is the biggest drama queen I have ever met."

George sighed. "I do like it." He turned his head and kissed Dream on the cheek.

“Awwww, Georgie!” Dream kissed him back, and it quickly turned into them making out.

“Oh. My. God. Literally, do you want me to go? Because I don’t need to be here for this.”

“No, sorry!” George pulled away. “We really wanted to hang out with you, Sapnap. We’re just a little... distracted.”

“No, really?”

Dream smiled sheepishly. “Listen, it’s been a weird couple days.”

End Notes

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Thanks to cluxiroge, mystixs, nightmare.go.booo, toe.dem0n, and all the other wonderful people on TikTok who gave me quotes and other helpful advice to get this fic done. <3

Hey! I have a Twitter now! Or, rather I had one, but I just never used it until recently.

You can check me out at [@Anoa Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! ☺
Warning! It's NSFW!

Works inspired by this [and](#) [A Man Has Fallen For a Man in Orlando City!](#) by [RavioliHailstorm](#)

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